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critic's steadfastness to his art in a lifetime of unpropitious commercial surroundings. It reads in part:

For thou hast kept the faith: thy soul undaunted,
Whatever storms might round thee rage and roll,
By one celestial passion still enchanted,
Has held its course right onward to its goal.

No sordid aim, no worldly greed, beguiling
Could ever wile thy constant heart astray;
No vine-clad, Circean, Cyprian Muses, smiling
Allure thy footsteps down the primrose way.

Thou hast not basely gathered thrift with fawning
Nor worn a laurel that thou hast not won;
But in thy zenith hour as in thy dawning
The good thy nature willed thy hand has done.

There is another poem on the same theme as "The Ordeal" entitled simply "Poe," which is not less poetic, and is a model of compactness and construction, beginning

Cold is the pæan honor sings
And chill is glory's icy breath
And pale the garland memory brings
To grace the iron doors of death.

But, all things considered, the most beautiful lines of William Winter's we know—and among the most beautiful of all the rich product of American poetry relating to the War—are those entitled "My England." They bear witness to the fact that his eightieth year found him still chivalrous in heart and still keen and vigorous in poetic life. It is regrettable that we have only room to quote these stanzas:

My England! Not my native land
But dear to me as if she were—
How often have I longed to stand
With those brave hearts who fight for her!

Bereft by Fortune, worn with Age,
My life is all I have to give,
But that I freely would engage
For those who die that she may live.

Mother of Freedom! Pledge to Right!
From Honor's path she would not stray,
But, sternly faithful, used her might
To lead mankind the nobler way.

Today, when desperate tyrants strain—
By Greed, and Fear, and Hate combined—
To blast her power and rend her reign,
She fights the fight of all mankind:

My England! Should the hope be crossed
In which she taught the world to strive,
Then all of Virtue would be lost
And naught of Manhood left alive.

But 'tis not in the Book of Doom
That Justice, Honor, Truth should fail:
The earth be made a living tomb
And only brutal Wrong prevail.

It can not be the human race,
Long struggling up to Freedom's sun,
Is destined to the abject place
Of vassal to the murd'rous Hun!

My England, *strike!* Droop not, nor pause
Till triumph on your banners shine!
Then take a grateful world's applause—
Millions of hearts that beat like mine.

Robert Underwood Johnson

TO THE VANQUISHED

Reprint from *Sunshine*

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be e'er so nobly plann'd
And watched with zealous care;
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand—
Contempt is Failure's share!

Here's to the men who lose!
If Triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then.
The King is he who, after fierce defeat,
Gets up and fights again!

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
A hard-fought failure is a noble thing—
Here's to the men who lose!

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears.
The vanquished's banners never are unfurl'd,
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success—
There is a higher test—
Tho' Fate may darkly frown, onward to press
And bravely do one's best!

George L. Scarborough